

ER 13, 1881.

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Horticultural.

PROTECTION OF STRAWBERRIES.

During an open winter the alternate freezing and thawing is a serious drawback upon the vitality of strawberries, and especially upon moist, retentive, "heavy" soils will often seriously injure, if not utterly ruin the plantation. This is especially the case with plants set during the preceding summer or autumn, which, from lack of time have a comparatively slight hold upon the soil.

In case of a winter with an abundance of snow, especially if it comes early and continues late, protection becomes a matter of less moment, but even in such case, the frequent freezing and thawing of the early spring after the disappearance of the snow, will usually subject the plants to more or less injury, if left exposed, to say nothing of the "January thaws" and other unforeseen "open spells."

It is true that in the more northerly portions of the State, this danger becomes less, and, at the extreme north, may be said to be of little moment, since snow falls before the ground becomes frozen, and vegetation starts into actual growth almost before the snow has become dissipated.

With the above exception, the safest practice by far is to carefully mulch the plants before the advent of winter. They should have the entire season in which to grow and become ripened before this is done. It should, therefore, be deferred till the advent of freezing weather, when a light mulch should be applied, just sufficient to shield them from sun and wind, and if even a heavier coating is applied on the space between the rows, it will be found all the better. No attempt should be made to prevent the freezing of the plants, since sun rather than frost is their friend to be avoided, while a very heavy mulch would probably prove injurious if not fatal to them.

MATERIAL FOR MICHIGAN.

Straw or other coarse litter of almost any kind may be employed for the purpose, with but the one objection that they are generally more or less foul with weeds, the seeds of which are sure to find their way into the soil and prove a very serious addition to the labor of caring for the plantation next season, since a plant of straw berries, whether for the home or for market, must be kept free from grass and weeds if expected to yield either profit or satisfaction to the grower. In this particular no slipshod or half way work can be made to suffice.

Wild or marsh hay is even more satisfactory than straw, with the additional circumstance that it is usually free from the seeds of weeds or other objectionable material. Its worst fault is that very few people have it.

To those who have timbered lands the best possible material will be found in the freshly fallen leaves, which may be easily gathered and used for this purpose, their freedom from foul seeds rendering them very satisfactory, while in decaying they yield a more usually valuable manure to the soil—a circumstance very sure to manifest itself in the future vigor and productivity of the plantation. If only the owner, by free use of hoe and fingers, will afford the useful opportunity by cutting off runners and keeping out all foreign growths.

With the advent of the growing season the mulch, whatever it be, must be promptly removed from over the plants. If it be left upon the open ground between the rows it may partly suffice to prevent the growth of weeds and grass, but will, at the same time, be in the way of cultivation, while it will also serve to keep the soil wet and compact, when under the first warm suns of spring it should be made mellow and open ready to welcome and profit by the earliest genial influences of the season. We prefer rather to remove it for the time, replacing at least a portion of it in time to protect the ripening fruit from injury by contact with the soil.

Of this, however, more in its proper season.

FLORICULTURAL.

Peter Henderson, in an essay on "Popular Errors and Scientific Dogmas in Horticulture," read before the New York Horticultural Society Nov. 1, makes the following remarks which apply to floriculture generally:

"The breeder of fancy fowls or pigeons could not be told that the plumage of either would ever assume the scarlet of the Pouter, though he would likely be quite ready to believe that his next door neighbor, who is a flower fancier, may yet have a rose or a blue dahlia, phenomena just as unlikely as that his Dorkings or his Brahmas would have a plumage of scarlet. For, so far, we find that there is no such thing in nature as plants having scarlet, yellow and blue flowers, in varieties, of the same species; perhaps the nearest approach to it is in the Hyacinth, but in it, although we have yellow and blue, we have no true scarlet. Another very popular error is the belief that something mysterious is done by the professional horticulturist to produce new or fine varieties of fruits or flowers. There is no mystery or skill about it other than to select the best or fittest and place them together, this done, man's work is done—nature does the rest. It is laid down almost as an axiom, by amateur horticulturists, that the water with which plants are watered should be soft or rain water, and of the temperature of the room or greenhouse wherein the plants are. Commercial florists, who grow hundreds of thousands of plants, cannot do this, and yet, as a rule, their plants are in the very best possible health, far better than that of the amateur who goes to this unnecessary trouble, for the reason that the real condition of success—the proper temperature and moisture—can be given in the greenhouse, but not in an ordinary sitting-room. There, too, the flower-loving amateur is hampered by another dogma, this time bearing the authority of quasi-science, for a great man, the family doctor, armed with a smattering of chemical lore, glibly describes that plants, at night, give

out carbonic acid gas, which is poisonous to animal life, and consequently, if plants are kept in sleeping-rooms, sickness and even death may follow. No theory can be more destitute of truth; that plants give out carbonic acid gas at night, may be, but that it is in quantity enough to endanger human life is utter nonsense; if it were so, we would have no insects attacking plants, for their low organization would make them the first victims to a gas as poisonous as carbonic acid. Besides, most gardeners, who have had charge of greenhouse plants, know that on cold nights the most comfortable quarter is the greenhouse, and yet I think it would be difficult to find in any business a healthier class of men than professional gardeners. I have pleasure in believing that my denunciation of this absurdity, begun over twenty years ago, has had something to do in checking its spread; but thousands yet of plants, particularly in the rural districts, are consigned to the coal cellar, at the dictum of some wisecracker of a village doctor, who is happy to be thought thus learned in the chemistry of plants.

"It is a common error to expect that in any greenhouse, conservatory or other place where plants are kept, a general variety can be grown and do well. If you attempt to grow carnations or roses in the same temperature at which peonies, pomegranates, or bougainvilleas will thrive, rest assured they will complain of too much heat; while, on the other hand, if you treat these plants of the tropics to the atmosphere suited to the health of a carnation or rose, they will soon show evidence of starvation; so that when any housewife attempts to keep plants of such widely different latitudes in her sitting-room, she must not be surprised if the results with all are not satisfactory."

The *Gardener's Chronicle*, (London) has been giving some historical sketches of popular flowers, relating the superstitions attached to them. Of one of our common and conspicuous flowers, the Marigold, it says: "The garden Marigold, another gaudy summer flower, was apparently a very great favorite with our ancestors, although nowadays seldom seen. Thus Shakespeare, speaking of it in his *Winter's Tale* (Act iv., scene 3), says:

"The Marigold that goes to bed with the sun, And with him lies, a weeping—there are flowers of middle summer."

"There is a popular tradition that the name Marigold arose from the circumstance of the Virgin Mary having worn this flower in her bosom. It is called by the French '*Souci du Jardin*,' and by the Germans '*Geldblume*.' In days gone by it was termed '*Ruddes*,' and the author of *Grete Herball*, in speaking of it says: 'Maydens make garlands of it when they go to feastes and brydales.' In America the Marigold is termed the 'Death-flower,' from a curious tradition that it sprang up in places where the blood of the unfortunate Mexicans had been shed, who were destroyed by the Spaniards."

To this the *Gardener's Monthly* adds the following: "The American part of the account requires amplification. We never heard the yellow garden Marigold called 'Death-flower' in America, and by the English name 'Death-flower' we must understand English speaking America. But as the Mexican and Spaniard are introduced, it is probable that the Spanish name of friendly Mexicans, in the City of Mexico, is referred to; it may be that there is in Mexico a plant called by a name which would mean 'Death flower' if translated to the English language. But if there is a flower in Mexico with such a name and such a legend attached to it, it is unlikely to be the Marigold connected with the tradition of the Virgin Mary, the Calendula officinalis, but more probably a species of Tagetes, which is known in gardens as French Marigold, many species of which are natives of Mexico, while the Marigold of the Virgin Mary is wild in the countries of Southern Europe."

The Grape Revival.

C. A. Green, in the New York *Tribune* says:

"Probably never before in the history of grape culture have so many new varieties of promise been offered in competition for preference. Considering the vigor, productivity, quality and beauty of many of these new candidates, I am led to predict something of a revolution in grape growing. It would seem inevitable that many old favorites will be supplanted. That the interest is reviving there can be no doubt, and there are several reasons for it: (1.) Grape growing in this country has never received the attention it deserves. (2.) The failure of many of the large vineyards of France calls attention to this country. (3.) Grape growing, intelligent pursued, without extravagant expectations, is a profitable occupation over a large tract of our country. (4.) The successful attempt to originate improved varieties in harmony with the advance in other branches of pomology, but some what in advance, as may be seen by a glance at a few of the new white grapes. Lady Washington, Niagara, Prentiss, Duchess and Pocklington are the leading new white grapes that have originated in New York; there are numerous others that have not yet attracted much attention. From Missouri we have seven new white grapes; are exceedingly promising in that State. In summing up the record of the other States it will be seen that the supply is ample, yet the new colored grapes are still more numerous. It is a pleasure to test these novelties in the garden, and we have no reason for appreciating danger from the avalanche of white clusters impending. I cannot, however, recommend the new varieties for extensive field culture until they have been more thoroughly tested."

Climatic Changes Caused by the Destruction of Forests.

Mr. J. F. C. Hyde, before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, says that whether the rainfall is lessened or not, (he believes it is) the water runs away to the sea much quicker from bare hills than from those that are covered by a thick growth of trees with an underlying coat of leaves to hold back the rainfall as for a sponge. In one case the rainfall rushes

away over the surface, while in the other it soaks through the soil. A spring formerly noted for its durability, and which was never dry during the long life time of its ancestors, is now entirely dry, while for the same reason the farmers in the vicinity are carting water, or are driving their cattle long distances to drink. Large areas formerly covered by heavy forests are now drifting sands. These lands should be planted with trees suited to the soil and location, instead of being given up to mulelains and wild golden rod. The white pine is one of our best trees for planting in such soils. He had sold many acres of standing pines at \$100 per acre, and the purchasers always made a good bargain. The white birch tree, is a valuable tree for planting on light lands, and should be better appreciated. Pines and birches are easily grown by sowing the seeds as one would sow the seeds of grain. White birch will grow well on the most barren soils, old gravel pits where the top soil has all been removed, and in twenty years will produce from twelve to fifteen or eighteen cords of good wood per acre. If cut, split and housed when green, there is no better wood for fuel, but if left out all summer it is worthless. Mr. Hyde also spoke highly of the sugar maple, the American elm, both rapid growers, and advised planting more oak and other timber trees. The chestnut should be planted for its fruit and for its timber, which is unsurpassed for many purposes. The hickory is another desirable tree. The seeds should be kept carefully through the winter and planted in spring, and the young trees rest several times to induce a growth of lateral roots. Edible nuts planted in autumn are subject to destruction by squirrels.

A Thrifty Tomato Vine.

A correspondent of the Indiana *Farmer* writes from Morristown, that State, the following account of a tomato plant grown in that locality:

"Last spring, a neighbor of mine noticed a tomato plant growing at the south end of her milk house. She determined to let it remain. It grew so large that it fell over in the walk. She took a string and tied it up to the building, and as its branches spread she kept them tied to the building until they covered a great space. It attracted my attention and I asked for the plant, that I might report its growth to you when it was done bearing. I noticed yesterday that the frost had damaged it seriously, and was told that I might take it down. After two hours faithful labor, I succeeded in stripping it of its fruit, separating its tangled branches, measuring each of them and weighing the whole plant. It was supported by five roots 1/2 inch in diameter. The main stalk was one inch in diameter at the ground. The longest branch was sixteen feet. The thirteen longest branches averaged twelve feet. The combined length of all the branches was nine hundred and fifteen feet, and the whole plant weighed forty-four pounds and eight ounces. In measuring this plant, I neither counted odd inches nor any branch that was shorter than a foot. The fruit was used as fast as it ripened, so I have no idea of how much the vine produced."

Effects of Removing Mountain Forests.

Attention has long been given to devising means to limit the ravages of these torrents, which ruin the land, threaten estates, destroy roads, and sometimes even compromise the existence of villages. Walls have been built along the banks to protect them, or across the streams to ally the force of the waters. The most efficacious means, however, as yet discovered, has been to maintain the woods on the slopes of the mountain. The effect of cutting away the trees in promoting the formation of torrents has not been doubted by the inhabitants of mountainous regions, and is clearly set forth by M. Surrell, who says: "When we examine the tracts in the midst of which torrents of recent origin have been formed, we perceive that they have in all cases been despoiled of their trees and bushes. If, on the other hand, we examine hills whose sides have been recently stripped of wood, we observe that they are cut up by numerous torrents, which have evidently been formed very lately. Here is a remarkable double fact; wherever there are recent torrents there are no longer forests, and wherever the ground is cleared these torrents are formed; and the same eyes that see the woods fall on the declivity of a mountain may see appear there immediately a multitude of torrents." The disastrous consequences of removing the woods from the Alps began to attract attention in the last century, and have since been discussed by many publications and official reports. In 1833 the prefect of the Department of the Lower Alps said, in a report to the Minister: "If prompt and energetic measures are not taken it will be almost impossible to designate the precise moment when the French Alps will become a desert. The period from 1831 to 1833 will produce a new diminution in the number of the population. In 1862 the Minister will remark a continuous and progressive reduction in the number of hectares devoted to agriculture; each year will aggregate the evil, and in a half century France will count more ruins and one department less." The Department of the Upper and Lower Alps actually lost thirty thousand inhabitants, or one-ninth of their population, between 1831 and 1876. A law for recovering the mountains with wood, which has been prepared by M. Forcade de Rouget, director-general of the administration of the forests, was adopted by the legislative bodies, and was put in operation shortly afterwards. — *Popular Science Monthly*.

A Plague Among the Violets.

Another interesting problem for microscopists to solve is the cause of the disease which has broken out among the violets, an account of which was lately given by a leading florist.

When the disease commenced its ravages some three years ago, violet growing was so far in the hands of a single producer that he had won the titular dignity of the violet king among New York florists. His vast plantation was wrecked in one sum-

mer, and he was financially prostrated by the operations of an invisible enemy. The season had been rather dry, and the blight was attributed in this special instance to the substitution of well for brook water in irrigating the plants. Experience soon furnished an emphatic negative to this theory, and showed that the disease was a true blight, like the potato rot, the vine disease, the pear tree blight, and similar destructive agencies that infest the vegetable kingdom. In the violet the disease makes its appearance while the plants are in blossom. The first symptom is the development of nearly circular spots on the petals of the flower, which resemble the spots caused by the concentration of the beams of the sun upon the surfaces of the leaves of plants by the refractive agency of rain drops after a summer shower, the globular and lenticular shape of the drop rendering it equivalent to a minute burning glass, concentrating the rays of the summer sun upon the surface beneath, and completely destroying the delicate vessels thus exposed to intense heat. After the symptom appears, the destruction of the petals is a question of a few hours only; the leaves become limp and wilted, the stem withers from the root, and the delicate organism is soon transformed, from the minutest rootlet, to the tip of the leaf, into a dry and lifeless effigy. The origin and natural history of the violet blight have not yet been investigated.

The *Germantown Telegraph* has the following to say about horticultural "luck": "It is very common to hear people say that it is no use for them to plant fruit-trees. They have no luck with them. But in truth luck never did anything of any importance. We don't trust our farm or general garden-crops to this person, Luck; but the sensible farmer and grower employs good, careful hands, and directs their work by long experience, and the teeming harvest-field and luxuriant vegetable-garden attend to their wisdom and industry. There is no luck about it, but a careful measuring to the end to be accomplished with the means at hand to gain it. Whenever the same means have been adopted with fruit-trees good results have followed. In our own district there are 'loads' of people who have wonderful success with certain things that they set their hearts on, and the growing of fruit is among these successes. But these men, we repeat, do not trust to luck. The trees are pruned as they ought to be, manured with what they need; precautions are taken against injury from curculio and borers, and thus industry and not luck meets with its due reward. Try it, as fruit raising and every other crop-raising ought to be tried, and see how easy it is to get good fruit and plenty of it, by going about it in the right way."

Horticultural Notes.

In reference to the cultivation of raspberries, a correspondent of the *Farmers' Home Journal* says: "I have always advocated fence culture for raspberries. The finest berries I ever saw were grown in this way. The plants should be set about two and a half feet apart and well cultivated the first year; a wire or frame should be then run along the fence about two feet distant for a support to the canes. After the first year I would never cultivate, but would mulch heavily the entire row with the rakings of the garden, the clippings from the lawn; all the weeds you pull up in the summer can be disposed of there and made to do good service. In the spring when the canes are too thick, thin them out, leaving a cane to every four or six inches and top the whole in spring to the height of four feet; never summer prune a raspberry. If you want to make it stock proof pinch the top at about two and a half or three feet, but the practice of removing the old bearing wood in summer, or any other pruning has been found to be highly injurious."

Squashes to keep well must, first, be well ripened; second, they should be gathered before heavy frosts come; third, should be well dried; fourth, the shell should be well glazed over, and while it need not be thick it should be hard; fifth, they should be kept where the temperature is very even, never very cold, or very hot; sixth, in handling, great care should be taken not to bruise them; this is of the highest importance.

Aparian.

Bee Poison.

James Heddon, of Dowagiac, read the following paper before the Central Michigan Bee-keepers' Association at the late meeting. Mr. Heddon gives his personal experience as to the effect of the stings of bees upon the human system:

"For the past forty years I have made bee-keeping my special and only occupation. During that time I have been constantly inhaling the odor of bees and their poison, and of course have undergone hypodermic injections of this poison, especially in the earlier years of practice."

About five years ago I was attacked with an itching sensation in the ears and in the glands near the roots of the tongue. In about two years this sensation had increased to a sharp itching and burning sensation in the throat just back of the palate. Finally, this same sensation worked into the bronchial tubes clear down to the lungs. This resulted in asthma. My sensitiveness is so great that I have by it ascertained that all bees at all times are constantly throwing off poison in greater or less degree. What effect the poison in the blood, put there by stings, has on the above named symptoms, I have not yet fully ascertained; but I am confident that this blood poisoning has caused nervous sensations which are the same as neuralgia rheumatism. I believe that I have a chronic neuralgia caused entirely by receiving stings. The law of *similia curantur*, on which homeopaths base their practice, is certainly correct in many instances, both in *materia medica* and hygiene. In the case of one small injection of bee-poisoning curing rheumatism, I believe we have verity of the law, for I feel confident that large doses of this remedy have caused the same disease with me. I have received letters from two German and two Italian bee-keepers in this country who had kept bees over the water,

and they told of similar instances known to them in the old country.

"If I stay away from my bees from four to six weeks, my throat is well. Then let me go and expose myself to full blasts of their poison, and in 30 minutes I cannot speak above a whisper, and the itching, burning, and strangling is almost beyond endurance. I got their poison in ten-fold degree in the fall of the year."

"I am sure that the poison remains in the blood from year to year. This is evidenced from the further fact that being stung does not hurt us as it did when the poisonous element was a stranger to our nerves. In aggravated cases like my own, however, another reaction has taken place, and, while in my third or seventh year stings produced but little pain, compared with the first year, now they distress me much more than ever. I believe that our modern professors have decided that neuralgia is simply nervous prostration. We all know that acute pain prostrates the nervous system. I wish to be understood that all the direct influences on the throat and breathing tubes are the result of poison inhaled, while that of the nerves from infection is caused by injections into the blood by stinging."

Popularity of Comb Foundation.

Prof. A. J. Cook, in the New York *Tribune*, remarks as follows:

"The use of comb foundation is finding favor abroad as well as at home. A British writer says, from experience the past season, that, 'as a rule, colonies left to build their own comb, failed to more than half fill the hives, while even late August colonies on foundation, are as good as any.' I tried the foundation in 1875, when first sent out by John Long, and then said it was a great discovery, and would revolutionize our methods in the apiary. Comb foundation has become a commercial staple in the United States, and the enterprising apiarist does not think of doing without it. Like many other recent inventions, it is of very great use, and is doing its part to accelerate the progress of this, perhaps, the most progressive of manual labor pursuits."

PILES! PILES! A Sure Cure Found at Last! No One Need Suffer.

A sure Cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment, called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, ointments and electuaries do more harm than good. Williams' Indian Ointment, which cures hemorrhoids, piles, itching, burning, and all the other troubles of the rectum, is a medicine of such varied powers, as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and the Best Health Restorer. It cures Rheumatism, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Dropsy, Blisters, Gout, Gravel, and all the other troubles of the system. It is a medicine of such varied powers, as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and the Best Health Restorer. 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CORN, OATS AND RYE.

The receipts of corn here the past week amounted to 21,750 bu. and the shipments only 508 bu. The visible supply in the country on Dec. 3 amounted to 18,817,321 bu., against 15,738,876 bu. at the same date last year. The exports from Europe for the past eight weeks were 3,135,823 against 14,793,400 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1880. The visible supply has decreased 1,816,535 bu. during the past week, and this fact gave additional strength to the markets all over the country. Holders here have advanced their views, and now ask 60¢ for No. 2 and 64¢ for rejected. In Chicago prices also advanced, but the highest points reached were not sustained, and the market closed easy at 60¢ to 61¢ per bu. for spot, and 59¢ for rejected. In futures January closed at 61¢, February at 61¢, and May at 60¢. The receipts at all points are very light, and holders are more confident of the value of their stocks. The English markets are reported firm, and new mixed American corn was quoted in Liverpool on Saturday at 51 1/2d per cental, a shade higher than a week ago.

Oats were received here the past week to the amount of 11,845 bu. and the shipments were 4,619 bu. The visible supply of this grain in the country on Dec. 3 was 2,820,845 bu. against 3,587,563 bu. at the corresponding date last year. The exports to Europe during the last eight weeks footed up 314,686 bu. against 194,469 bu. for the corresponding date in 1880. We note a still further advance in the prices of this grain, and a strong market at all leading points. No. 1 white are now quoted here at 49¢ to 50¢ per bu. No. 2 do at 48¢ to 49¢, and No. 1 mixed at 48¢. Stocks in this city are small, and buyers reported a scarcity of sufficient to fill orders. Chicago is also higher, and closed with a steady market at 46¢ per bu. for spot, 46¢ for December. Those who have had good crops of oats this season should be satisfied with prices now ruling, which are probably as high as the markets will bear. Prices may go a little higher, but if they do they will be apt to react again.

Rye is quiet but very steady, prices remaining the same as for some weeks past. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 3 was 1,233,216 bu., against 973,044 bu. at the same date in 1880. The exports to Europe during the past eight weeks were 515,210 bu., against 593,765 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1880. This shows a shortening up in the foreign demand this year, caused by the better outcome of the German and Russian crops. Prices keep at a range of \$1 to 1.05 per bu. in this market, and in Chicago at 98¢ to 99¢ per bu. The New York market is dull at \$1 per bu. for fair lots, which is the highest price exporters will pay. Rye flour in this market is steady at \$6 per bbl., a decline of 15¢ to 25¢ from the prices of a month ago.

HOPS AND BARLEY.

Our local hop market is dull, and buyers are not offering within one or two cents. What they were a month ago. But as there are very few coming forward at present, quotations are based on what buyers would be willing to pay. As a rule, brewers are not in the market now, nor likely to be until after the holidays. After that, with no untoward circumstance to take away the strength of the situation, we look for a firmer tone and better prices in the trade. The latest reports from abroad show that holders there are firmer, and though no positive advance is yet noted, it is generally expected. As it is at present there is a very light margin between our markets and those of Great Britain, and an advance there would at once cause shippers to enter the market and take all the hops they could get at the prices now ruling. If they do this, it will be the signal for the home trade to make an effort to secure supplies, and prices would at once appreciate. Those who buy their hops now will probably have good reason to be thankful later on. In Chicago prices are quoted at 37¢ to 39¢ for Pacific Coasts, 26¢ to 28¢ for choice New Yorks, 23¢ to 25¢ for prime do, and 20¢ to 22¢ for prime Wisconsin, with a quiet market. In New York there is a better tone noted in the trade, and the Commercial Bulletin says:

"In addition to the sale previously reported, a lot of another 300 bales American hops of fair quality sold at 230 shillings, or equal to not far from 23¢ per lb. There are said to be further offers of the same price for goods of similar quality. It is a general impression, however, that English buyers are ready to take hold at about the price above alluded to. If such is the case, then it is probable that bottom has been touched for the present, as our market would now appear to be on a parity with London. We hear of anxious inquiries from London as to the quantity of hops that can be spared from here. Besides this, it is understood that some cheap lots recently bought in this market are to be shipped to London next week. We do not find sufficient material in the English offers to give the market here positive strength, but at the same time, some evidence of a better feeling among the traders here are noticeable. As yet, however, our quotations may be said to represent the 'top of the market'."

Prices in the New York market are quoted as follows:

N. Y. State, crop of 1881, choice..... 28 00

do do do do good to prime..... 28 00

do do do do fair to good..... 28 00

do do do do fair to low..... 28 00

do do do do low to fair..... 28 00

do do do do low to low..... 28 00

do do do do low to low..... 28 00

do do do do low to low..... 28 00

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do do do do low to low..... 28 00

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Butter was received here the past week to the amount of 33,732 lbs., and the shipments were 36,685 lbs. Under the influence of large offerings of bogus butter, the market for the ordinary grades of butter is completely demoralized, and this has affected the price of the choicer qualities. For the finest lots of late made, well flavored butter 35¢ per pound is now an outside price, while for second quality 22¢ to 23¢ is about the top of the market. Worked over stock of poor flavor is not wanted by dealers, as it is difficult to dispose of. Chicago reports a steady market with higher prices for extra quality stock, but a light demand at lower rates for the lower grades. Choice fancy creamery is quoted there at 38¢ to 41¢ per lb. fair to choice creamery at 34¢ to 36¢, choice dairy at 33¢ to 35¢, and fair to good at 25¢ to 30¢. Common stock sells at 20¢ to 23¢ per lb. and packing stock at 15¢ to 17¢. In New York there is a little lower range in the quotations for fancy stock, 40¢ to 41¢ being the top of the market now, against 41¢ to 42¢ one week ago. Holders, however, insist that it is on account of a lack of quality in the stock, not from any weakness in the market. The N. Y. Bulletin says:

"The situation does not change to any great extent, business as a rule proving moderate and dealers at variance over quotations, especially on creamery. The trouble appears to be that the great many low cream gathered brands are here which do not come up fully to the idea of fancy, and on these holders are sufficiently weak in their views to offer better terms than the common grades. The result is that the market is full of cheap goods, and the few who have positively superior quality remain firm, and from regular customers who do no shopping can secure about former rates. State dairy packed on selection of any kind and no choice of a fair rate, but straight lines as they run are slow, and dairies entire not much wanted at extremes. Indeed, as a rule, the addition to the supply of dairies entire does not show positive attractions, and it is only the excellent Western creamery and fancy goods in light supply and firm, but most of the arrivals are off, and have a uncertain value. From exporters there is very little demonstration, and where any looking around takes place, it is for better goods than can be obtained on the limit allowed."

Quotations for Western in this market are as follows:

Western imitation creamery..... 28 00

Western dairy, choice..... 32 00

Western dairy, fair to good..... 28 00

Western dairy, extra to fair..... 18 00

Western factory, special makes..... 10 00

Western factory, prime to choice..... 15 00

Western factory, fair to good..... 15 00

Western factory, choice current makes..... 25 00

The receipts of cheese in this market the past week were 11,810 lbs. and the shipments were nothing. The price has weakened during the week, and 14¢ is now an outside quotation for the choicest lots of full cream late made State, while fair to good is selling at 13¢ to 13 1/2¢. The Chicago market is also quoted dull and weak with full cream cheddars of October make selling at 12¢ to 13¢ per lb. September makes at 11¢ to 11 1/2¢, August at 10¢ to 10 1/2¢; choice part skim cheddars at 10¢ to 11¢, common to good part skim flats at 6¢ to 7¢. The decline is largely attributed to the falling off in the export demand through the poor quality of much of the stock offering, coupled with liberal consignments of hard cheese. In the Liverpool market the quotation for choice American cheese is 55s per 100 lbs. the same as one week ago. In New York the market is steady at about former quotations, with a dull tone on all but the finest grades. The N. Y. Commercial Bulletin says:

"Buyers continue on the look out for fancy cheese and promptly bid full former rates, with some receivers claiming ability to realize a fraction above our quotations on gilt-edge. Beyond this, however, there is no indication of much demand, and the tone is a little slow. The present showing points to about 1,000 boxes exports for the week, an amount considerable less than expected, and showing that the indifference of exporters toward ordinary stock has not been altogether assumed. Advice from abroad report a bad market for hot weather stock, and weakening values."

Quotations in this market on Saturday showed no change, fancy State factory being quoted at 12 1/2¢, choice at 13¢ to 13 1/2¢, prime at 11¢ to 11 1/2¢, and fair to good at 10¢ to 11¢; fair to good Ohio cheddars at 10¢ to 11¢ per lb. and prime Ohio flats at 10¢ to 11¢.

WOOL.

There has been a quiet but steady market for wools since our last report, and prices are practically unchanged. In Boston the movement of stock the past week showed an improvement, sales footing up 2,565,874 lbs., of which 1,795,874 lbs. were domestic and 470,000 lbs. were foreign. The sales were distributed among all grades and classes of wools, some choice lots of XX fleece selling at 45¢, and Michigan X at 41¢ to 42¢ per lb. Now and then a sale a little under quotations is reported, where some holder is compelled to make concessions to secure a sale; but as a rule holders are firm and confident. In regard to the Boston market the Commercial Bulletin says:

"There has seldom been a season when wool merchants have held their merchandise more confidently through periods of temporary dullness than since June, 1881. The profits of the season's business have been moderate, and had it not been for the slight rise obtained during the fall many of last summer's purchases would not have paid cost. Supplies of wool now in this market are such as to afford a good selection of all grades. In fact, the bulk of the domestic wool which is to carry the manufacturer forward is now in the hands of the seaboard merchants. Occasional transactions at a trifle less than full quotations are not natural just now, when the stock-taking season is at hand. But unwashed wools are fully as firm as at any time this season, and there have been sales of good medium grades this week at higher prices than have before been reached."

Included in sales of domestic fleeces have been: 10,000 lbs. medium to fine at 45¢; 73,800 lbs. X and XX Ohio at 42¢ to 43¢; 10,000 lbs. X Vermont principally at 43¢; 25,000 lbs. Ohio XX at 45¢; 33,000 lbs. fleeces at 41¢ to 42¢; 15,000 lbs. Michigan X at 41 to 42¢; 7,000 lbs. Wisconsin X at 40 to 41¢; 23,000 lbs. X fleeces at 38¢ to 40¢; 5,200 lbs. Michigan X at 41¢; 10,000 lbs. Ohio X and XX at 44¢; 25,000 lbs. XX and above at 45¢; 3,000 lbs. coarse Ohio at 37¢; 1,400 do at 40¢; 10,000 lbs. Ohio XX at 44¢; 10,000 lbs. X at 42¢; 5,000 lbs. do at 43¢; 10,000 lbs. X at 41¢; 40,000 lbs. do at 43¢; 10,000 lbs. X at 41¢.

The last rail on the Detroit, Marquette and Mackinaw road was laid on the 9th, completing the line from the Straits to Marquette.

43¢; 12,000 lbs. Ohio X and above at 43¢; 4,000 lbs. washed on p. t.; 2,000 lbs. Michigan X at 42¢; 10,000 lbs. Ohio XX on p. t. Total, 381,500 pounds."

Kitching Bros., of New York, in their monthly wool circular say:

"The position of the market has not changed materially since our last issue. Business is of a moderate character, but scarcely sufficient to prevent a perceptible weakening of prices. The position of the market for wool and manufactured goods may be considered a sound one, and will work to the advantage of all interests if wools do not advance to any undue extent. Stocks are not in excess of the wants of our manufacturers, and this will become manifest without doubt before another clip is available."

In fine foreign wool the demand continues to be of small dimensions. Trifling sales of all the principal kinds have been made, but at prices that give no encouragement to the importer. The London auction market for Colonial wools opened on the 23d ult. at 4d advance over closing rates of the previous sale. The offerings at this series will be very light."

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Poetry.

GREEN APPLES.

Full down the bough, Bob! I'm this fun!
Now give it a shake—there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other and see
If it isn't as mellow as jelly can be.
I know by the stripe
It must be ripe!

That's one apple for you and me.
Green, are they? Well, no matter for that,
Set down on the grass, and we'll have a chat.
And I'll tell you what old Person Bate
Said last sun day of unripe fruit:
"Life," says he,
"Is a beautiful tree,
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit."

"For youth there's love," just striking with red,
And great joys hanging right over his head;
Happiness, honor and great estate,
For those who patient wait and wait;
Blessings," said he,
"Of every degree,
Rising early, and ripening late."

"Taking them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;
But, my friends!" Here he gave a rap
On his desk, like a regular thunder-clap,
And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

"Green fruit, he said, 'God would not bless;
The fruit is the sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil, ache and crime,
Come from eating before their time.
The fruit is Heaven sent,"
Then on he went

To his fourthly and fifthly—wasn't it prime?
But, I say, Bob, we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow, and the hang birds
sing.

Home grubs and sing
To their young ones, a swing
In their basket nest, tied up by its string.
Like apples in various ways:
They're first-rate roasted before the blaze
Of a winter's fire, and, oh, my eyes,
They're also a thought, made into pies!

I scarce ever saw
One, cooked or raw,
That wasn't good for a boy of my size.
But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,
To the tune of the brook and the hum of the bee
And the chipmunks chirping every minute,
And the clear, sweet note of the gay little linnet,

And the grass and the flowers,
And the long summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and breeze are in it.
This is a hard one! Why didn't we
Leave them another week on the tree!
In your son's teeth? Give us a bite,
The pulp is so tender and too seeds are white,
My mouth like a rucker's!

I vow, I believe that old person was right!
OUR FEATHERED BABBLERS.
When they chatter together, the robins and sparrows
Bluebirds and bobolinks, all the day long,
What do they talk of? The sky and the sunshin,
The state of the weather, the latest pretty song?

Of love and of friendship, and all the sweet trills
That go to make bird-life so careless and free;
The number of grubs in the apple tree yonder,
The promise of fruit in the big cherry tree;

Of matches in prospect—how Robin and Jenny
Are planning together to build them a nest;
How Bobolink left Mrs. Bobolink moping
At home, and went off on a lark with the roost.

Such mild little slanders! Such innocent gossip!
Such gay little coquetries, pretty and bright!
Such happy live-making! Such talks in the orchard
Such chattering at daybreak! Such whisperings
at night!

O birds in the tree top! O robins and sparrows!
O bluebirds and bobolinks! What would be May
Without your glad presence—the songs that you
sing us.
And all the sweet nothings we fancy you say?
—Caroline A. Mason.

Miscellaneous.

AUNT AGATHA'S CONVERSION.

CHAPTER I.

"Whip it!" said my aunt.
With kerchief plumed over her well-developed bust, and apron tied round her figure, she was engaged in manufacturing a batch of lemon-cheese cakes for which the materials had been brought into her neat little "keeping room"; and, just as with sleeves tucked up (she was rather proud of her beautiful arm) she was immersed in the mysteries of rolling, and patting, and buttering tins, and lying them with crust, glancing out of the window she had seen the immaculate carriage of Miss Tittle stopping at the door, and a gentleman handing out that spruce and dainty little personage.

Poor Betsy Ward, Aunt Agatha's only servant, had likewise taken a stealthy peep, and she now bustled into the room.

"Lor, mum," said she, "there's Miss Tittle and a strange gentleman; let me clear away the things while you go and make yourself tidy. They can knock again, and I'll have 'em away in a minute."

"No, Betsy," said my aunt, "Miss Tittle knows very well that I make my own pastry, and when she comes to see me she must just take me as I am. There, open the door."

And she complacently went on with her rolling and patting.

The fact is, Aunt Agatha had no great opinion of Miss Tittle. Herself, though very limited as to income, the representative of one of the oldest and most respected families in Hilderstock, she did not consider that Miss Tittle, whose father she remembered as a well-to-do grocer, was at all lifted to an equality with her by her wealth, and she had not formed a very exalted estimate of Miss Tittle's sincerity or her discretion, so that when she now entered the room, Aunt Agatha, quite undisturbed by her rich and irreproachable costume, looked at her coolly, as who should say, "I've taken the measure of you, my lady, and I don't think much of you."

"You'd better not come too near me," said Aunt Agatha as Miss Tittle advanced, putting out a pretty, little, neatly-gloved hand, "for, you see, I'm all over flour. But those that fear feathers shouldn't go among wild fowl."

"My dear Miss Gayfer," said Miss Tittle, who always placed a strong emphasis on her adjectives, "you are so perfectly fresh and natural that it is always charming to see you; so unlike the artificial world which is made up of show. Let me introduce to you, Mr. Jordan, my cousins our new recruit. I am sure you will be delighted with him."

My aunt acknowledged by a word or two the new recruit's salutation, took a good look at him, and didn't feel by any means so sure about it.

He was a tall, pale man, much marked with smallpox, with crisp, black hair, and he spoke in a low, mellow cooing voice, which most women found it pleasant to listen to.

"I trust, Miss Gayfer," said he, "that we shall be very good friends. I understand that you are a recognized power in Hilderstock, and that your co-operation is quite essential to success here."

"If you had said that I am pretty well known here, where I have spent my life," said Aunt Agatha, "you would have been well within the mark; as to influence, you'll find that our people have most of 'em got a will of their own—and its generally wrong."

"That's a less flattering description of my parishioners than I have had from my cousin," said he, with a smile.

"Ah, well, you'll see. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I don't mean to say but what they are honest enough and good-natured. But they are shiftless and willful, so that it is very hard to help them."

"I am sure, my dear Miss Gayfer," said Miss Tittle, "that your example and your instructions have gone far to cure them of both those faults; and I know you will appreciate Frank, my cousin, who is the most methodical man in the world. He has made an absolute conquest of the Blackmans, and the Wilkinses, and the Wakelings."

"Aye," said Aunt Agatha, with a laugh, "new brooms sweep clean."

"Of one thing you may be quite sure, Frank," said Miss Tittle, turning to her cousin; "Miss Gayfer will always tell you what she thinks."

"Certainly shan't tell Mr. Jordan, nor anybody else, what I don't think," said Aunt Agatha; "but all truths are not to be told."

Presently, when the cheese cakes were finished and the apparatus dismissed, Miss Tittle said:

"You really must let my cousin see your exquisite fancy, Miss Gayfer. You have such perfect taste in all these matters, and manage them so admirably."

"It runs in the blood," said my aunt, not insensible to her flattery. "My father was very fond of his garden, and she that comes of a hen must scrup. But I've scarcely any pleasure to go into my garden now, since Miss Payne has stuck up that abominable red-brick wall at the end of it. It scorches my eyes to look upon it. It's not much after all," said she, turning to Mr. Jordan, "but such as it is, come and see it."

She led the way up the steps which climbed into the garden from the back door, between the dwarf yews and magnificent trees of blush roses, old-fashioned but sweet as the odors of a dream, and turning down to a little dell where dwarf ivy and periwinkle clambered over artfully disposed rocks, presented her pretty fernery, lush and delicate in its verdure, and delicious in its coolness.

Mr. Jordan examined it with a critical eye.

"Excellent, Miss Gayfer," said he, stooping down as he spoke to examine the soil. "But these scolopendriums would do better if you would give them some sandy loam mixed with leaf mould."

"The man has a grain of gumption in him, after all," said my aunt, sotto voce, but not so low as to be inaudible to a little nephew whose hand she held, and who, having a sense of humor, very imperfectly succeeded in stifling a laugh, as he caught Miss Tittle's eye fixed upon him. There was an awkward hush for a second or two, and in the pause the sound of shears were distinctly audible.

My aunt gathered up her skirts with inimitable speed and proceeded to investigate, followed more leisurely by the cousins, who seemed to be exchanging confidences in a complacent and affectionate manner, until they were startled by the indignant tones of my aunt's voice exclaiming:

"Hill you man, what are you doing there? How dare you?"

On the opposite side of the garden rose the hideous red-brick building which had excited my aunt's righteous indignation. Just struggling up to reach this had been a magnificent ivy; but the place thereof knew it no more, for a man who stood there, open-mouthed, with his shears in his hand, and with the spoil of his labor all around him, had sheared and trimmed it till the wall was as bare as a billiard ball.

My aunt had followed up her exclamation by rushing across the garden, seizing the intruder by the collar of his jacket, and shaking him till his teeth chattered in his head.

"Come away, Frank, come away!" said Miss Tittle, plucking the new recruit's sleeve. "The woman must be mad."

But Mr. Jordan, without heeding the injunction, with a smile on his face, strode to the scene of the conflict, just as my aunt, fairly out of breath, released poor Jobson in a condition of extreme physical exhaustion and mental bewilderment.

"Oh, it's you, Jobson, is it?" she said, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered breath. "How dare you come trespassing here, and destroying my garden? You took another leaf of that ivy, sir, and I'll make you smart for it, or my name isn't Aunt Agatha."

There was scarcely a leaf left for him to touch; he had done his work completely. "Well," she continued, impatiently, "what do you stand there for, with your mouth open, like a drivelling idiot? Have you got nothing to say for yourself?"

"Why, lord, Miss Gayfer, said Jobson, "you right down sneer me, that you do; I can't had such a jouncing nut sin' I was tossed in a blanket. I never knowed I was doin' any harm. Miss Payne, she said the ivory made her walls damp, and I was to come over an' cut it. She told me, and I thought it was all right. I never knowed I was doing any harm. Why, lor, there."

"And are you such a born fool, then, as to go and do whatever Miss Payne tells you? Don't you know I could have you prosecuted and imprisoned for trespass and willful damage? And I don't know but

what I shall, too. He that will needs blow in the dust must look to fill his eyes with it. Now you go and tell Miss Payne that if she's got anything to say by way of excuse, she had better say it at once, or I may be too late."

"Sakes! Miss Gayfer," began Jobson, "I never—"

"Don't stand talking there, man, but go and do as I tell you."

The unhappy Jobson gathered up his tools, climbed up the short ladder by which he had made his descent, drew it after him and disappeared.

"It's a most vexatious incident," said the new recruit.

"Vexatious!" interrupted my aunt, with perfectly recovered composure, "it's maddening."

There was a curious contrast between the words and the tone in which they were uttered, and the rector smiled as he said:

"I hope, after the first natural ebullition of feeling, you will be able to accommodate your difference with this Miss Payne amicably."

"Oh, fiddle-de-dee!" said my aunt. "But there now, good-by. I shall see you on Sunday."

"My dear Miss Gayfer," said Miss Tittle, "your energy of character quite astonished me! I could no more do what you have done than I could write Frank's sermons for him."

"It is just as well the world holds a few people who have some control over themselves," said my aunt with a laugh.

"That's a remarkable woman," said Mr. Jordan as he drove away with Miss Tittle.

"A remarkably disagreeable woman," said the lady, with a little shudder.

"Do you think so?" said the new recruit, and both lapsed into silence.

"Those people mean to make a match of it," said my aunt, as she waited for Miss Payne. "Love and a cough, they say, can't be hid, and any one can see that she has made up her mind to marry him. A pretty dance she'll lead him, too, poor fellow."

Miss Payne was a lady of pious build, but short in proportion to her bulk, with a complexion like an uncooked muffin, and eyes in a chronic state of moisture, apt to overflow on slight provocation. She was elephantine in her movements, wheezy and faint in her voice, and lachrymose in her general views. Aunt Agatha, who had been chirping merrily, straightened herself in her chair as the click of the front gate announced the approach of this obnoxious personage.

"Well!" exclaimed my aunt, as she waddled into the room.

"Oh-h-h!" sobbed Miss Payne, sinking uninvited into a chair.

My aunt eyed her with profound contempt, but gave her time to recover breath before she asked:

"Well, Miss Payne, have you anything to say why I should not put this matter in the hands of my lawyer, and take proceedings against you for your abominable trespass?"

"Miss Agatha!" gasped the offender, "I declare you frighten me, and my heart is that bad—"

"Stuff!" said Aunt Agatha, promptly. "Only think, Miss Agatha, what's the use of going to law with me—"

"I know," broke in my aunt, "that whether you boil now or pound it, you get only water; but to put up with such an abominable outrage as this is to invite injury. Those that make themselves sheep have no call to complain if the wolf eats them."

"My dear Miss Agatha," pleaded Miss Payne. "Don't 'dear Miss Agatha' me, woman," said my aunt; "it makes me sick."

"I declare, Miss Agatha, I'm more vexed than you can think. You know damp makes me so miserable."

"I don't know," said my aunt, abruptly. "I really do, and the ivy did make the wall damp."

"Then you should have told me about it, and not sent people trespassing in my garden."

"I never thought, Miss Agatha, Jobson was going to do so much. I told him just to trim the ivy so that it didn't make the wall damp."

"I don't believe it," said my aunt. "I know Jobson very well, and you told him to cut it down, or he wouldn't have done so, and you made him believe that I knew all about it."

"I didn't really, Miss Agatha, no, really, I didn't. When I saw what he'd done, you might have knocked me down with a feather. I'm so sorry you were annoyed—"

"Annoyed!" said my aunt, with vehemence. "Miss Payne, I could have skinned you!"

Poor Miss Payne gave a start of such unmistakable alarm that my aunt's sense of the comic overmastered her indignation, and she broke into laughter, after which she felt that it was quite hopeless to prolong the interview, and she accordingly brought it to an abrupt close, saying:

"Well, Miss Payne, it's no use crying over spilt milk. I don't forgive you yet, and it's no use pretending that I do, but I will not say anything more about this affair. But if ever you do such a thing again I won't spare you, mind that."

"Ah, now, Miss Agatha," said the old lady, gathering spirit with this promise, "don't half do the thing while you are about it. Let us be friendly and neighborly."

"We may come to that in time," was the reply. "He's a fool that asks much, and he's more fool that grants it. I feel very sore about this matter. I can tell you, and I shall take a week and a day to get over it. And now the less that's said about it the more likely I shall be to forget it; so good-by."

Miss Payne gasped, heaved her deepest sigh, shook her underdone head, and waddled off.

CHAPTER II.

Aunt Agatha pronounced Mr. Jordan's first sermon "very sensible," and wondered what such a man could see in that "mining, affected little bit of goods—Miss Tittle."

But as the weeks went by she did not

hear of him quite in the way she liked in the cottages where she visited, and she heard of him a good deal more than she liked in a person at the parish, at garden parties, archery meetings and social gatherings of various kinds. Not that he failed to visit among the humbler inhabitants of Hilderstock, but while she heard of him as smoking his pipe with them, talking about their gardens or their pigs and their poultry, and otherwise rendering himself very popular, he never seemed to speak to them of religion, or about purely professional topics.

This was very different from the practice of the late rector, a zealous evangelist, whose dutiful disciple Aunt Agatha had been, though in her sturdy independence she had sometimes ventured to express her doubt as to the wisdom of prolonged exhortations in houses where the struggle for existence was hard and exacting, for, as she would say, "you can't make a windmill go with a pair of bellows."

Something between the prolixity of his predecessor and the too purely mundane converse of Mr. Jordan would have been her idea of the happy man.

"I have just been telling Mrs. Gimpson," said he, one day, when he encountered her at the door of a cottage, "that if she wants her hens to lay she must vary their food a little."

"Don't you think there are some things more important than hens' eggs you might speak to Nanny Gimpson about?" asked my aunt, looking him full in the face; "I'm afraid she's dreadfully ignorant, and they say parsons are souls' wagoners."

"Do you know, Miss Gayfer," he answered, "that when I see that cheerful, active old lady, stricken with pain and with years, making the thinnest of livelihoods by unrelenting care, yet always contented, I feel that it is for me to learn and be silent; she is the teacher."

My aunt was silent for a second or two, and then answered: "There is a great deal in what you say, but it is a way of looking at things that is new to me. If it is right way I think I have wasted a good deal of time."

"Assuredly not," said he; "you have carried brightness and order into many homes, and wherever I go I find you have been an influence for good. Sympathy is the 'true open sesame' to a human heart, and in power of sympathy we men lag far behind women."

From that time a gradual change was observable in Aunt Agatha's dealings with the poor folk whom she visited. It would have been difficult to say exactly what it was—a more frequent touch of tenderness, a greater readiness to make allowances for the circumstances and difficulties of each. A greater readiness to help there could not be, but there was less readiness to scold.

Sometimes, in the course of her indefatigable rounds, she would meet with and have pleasant converse with the rector, and would come home quite radiant with pleasure. At other times she only heard of him as having been the life and soul of some party, rowing Miss Tittle and her friends down the river, organizing picnics and other frivolities on which Aunt Agatha looked with scant toleration.

"That man," she remarked, one day, "might put new life into the whole parish, and he's becoming a mere butterfly. It's bad enough now; what it will be after he gets married to that shallow-minded woman, Heaven only knows."

One day in early Autumn, as Aunt Agatha was moving softly among her asters and chrysanthemums, musing probably of these matters, a harsh crashing noise and a shock as of earthquake rudely broke the current of her reflections. She turned in the direction from which the sound had come, and there, where Miss Payne's flaunting eye-sore of red-brick upper story had been, was a cloud of dust, momentarily thinning, and leaving the clear blue of a bright October sky.

"A good ridance of bad rubbish," was Aunt Agatha's brief exclamation; but then the possibilities involved suddenly flashing upon her mind, she added; "Heaven forgive me! Why, the woman and poor, little, half-starved Lucy Chalk may be buried in those ruins."

In an instant she was rushing out of her garden, bonnet flying behind her, quite unconscious of the amazed look of the butcher over the way, the group of milliners at Miss Firmis's, and the portly landlord of the Red Lion, who, ignorant as they were of what had transpired at the rear of Aunt Agatha's dwelling, were half-amused and half-curious about her diabolical and her haste.

"Here! hi!" she called to two men who were passing. "Jobson, Tyler, come with me to Miss Payne's directly. There has been an accident there; the new story has fallen in."

Hastening with them round the corner of Horn Lane, she came upon Miss Tittle, escorted by the rector, with whom she was gaily conversing.

"My dear Miss Gayfer," said Miss Tittle, advancing with her everlasting wistful smile.

"What is the matter, Miss Gayfer?" asked Mr. Jordan. "Can I help you?"

Just then a small boy came running by, and thinking he might be useful to run errands, Aunt Agatha impounded him by clutched the collar of his jacket, a piece of his ear and a handful of his hair, holding him in firm grasp while she explained to the rector what had happened.

"You may as well come," she added, "though I don't know as you can do anything. Better a lame foot than none."

And without further parley she hurried on.

Miss Tittle, who clung to the rector's arm, and with a soft inconvincible declined either to hurry her steps or to be left to herself, so impeded his motion that Aunt Agatha, with her followers, was out of sight in no time. When at last he came up, half dragging the shrieking and reluctant Miss Tittle, whose strong objection to impeding either her person or her millinery quite overmastered her curiosity, she heard Aunt Agatha's voice ringing out from the dusty confusion with anything but complimentary exhortations to her recruits, who were pausing irresolute at the entrance.

"Don't go in, Miss Agatha, now, don't

you," shouted one of the men. "That ain't safe, really."

"You cowardly loons!" said my aunt, "would you let the woman die without help?"

"Don't go, Frank," said Miss Tittle. "You hear it is not safe, and you'll get your coat all dust."

Mr. Jordan firmly, but not ungenially, removed her grasp.

"Where there is danger and distress—there is the parson's place," said he, and in another moment he had followed Aunt Agatha, the men timidly imitating his example, and leaving Miss Tittle alone with little Job Chalk, of whom she did not condescend to take any notice.

The rickety building was a mere heap of ruins. Some village wiseacre had superimposed on a lath and plaster basement a brick upper story. This angle of the building had fallen in, and in its fall had dragged with it older portions of the house, so that now timbers were sloping in all directions, and what had not actually fallen seemed tottering to its fall. Amid this dangerous debris Aunt Agatha was making her way, when some of the boldest of these who were following her started back with a shout of alarm. A thin blue smoke, followed by hungry, vicious-looking tongues of flame, was apparent, and even Mr. Jordan and Aunt Agatha, who were now side by side, paused for an instant on seeing these evidences of peril. The hesitation, which was but momentary, did not survive the stifled sound of moaning that broke upon the ear.

But Aunt Agatha was no longer allowed to like the command. The soft, cooling voice to which she had at times listened with some akin to contempt, could assume the tone of command, and strong as she was, and "masterful" as all the village folks said, Aunt Agatha was woman in her heart, leaning with gladness and submission on a stronger will than her own.

"You will wait here," said Mr. Jordan, "for a few moments. I will call you if I can be of help," and then, with keen, rapid glance sweeping those who were present, he singled out a robust young man, and in a voice that might have led soldiers on to battle, said: "Howard, you come with me."

The young fellow obeyed as a matter of course, and then ensued a short pause of painful suspense. Presently Howard reappeared with a flushed and frightened expression, but evidently putting a strong restraint upon himself.

"Stallybrass and Ward, you be to come with me, Miss Agatha, you be to wait."

But Bob Howard's voice had not the magic of Mr. Jordan's, and she would wait no longer. Pushing her way through the ruins and the smoke with those that had been summoned into what had been Miss Payne's little parlor, she pressed her lips tightly together, and the color fled from her face as she saw the motionless form of her old enemy stretched on a couch there, and standing by the side of it the rector, blood streaming from a wound on his head, his coat torn, and one arm hanging listless by his side. Some falling bricks and timber had struck him and had disabled the arm, and lest his appearance should excite alarm he had sent Bob Howard with the message for help and a strict injunction to say nothing beyond what he had been told.

In a few minutes Miss Payne, more frightened than hurt, was moved beyond the reach of peril, and was conveyed to Aunt Agatha's cottage, accompanied by the wounded rector. Aunt Agatha's foresight had already summoned good Dr. Holmes to the place, and hurrying as fast as his lame foot would permit, he reached the cottage almost at the same time as the cavalcade. Miss Tittle, indignant that her cousin should have deserted her for "that woman," had not waited the issue of the investigations. Dr. Holmes pronounced Miss Payne to have sustained a very severe shock from fright, but to be free from bodily damage. The rector's arm was broken, but the wound on the head was only skin deep, and not much more serious than the torn coat.

From that time, for many months, Aunt Agatha's house became Miss Payne's home, and her hostess tended her with all the solicitude of a daughter. A great poet has told us that "the learned eye is still the loving one," and it so happened that in this unwearied tendency and ministrations Aunt Agatha discovered not a few unsuspected virtues in the fat, wheezy, puffy old soul, and something like genuine attachment sprang up between them.

A very constant attendant was the Rev. Frank Jordan. Even when his arm was still very painful, and he might well have been excused had he abstained from visiting a parishioner who was in no imminent danger, his solicitude about Miss Payne was remarkable. In spite of the severity of winter snows and frosts, his arm secured by splints and bandages, he would come and sit for a whole ten minutes with Miss Payne, and for whole hours talking with Aunt Agatha—probably about the patient's symptoms.

But the snows melted on the high hills, and the brooks, swollen with their muddy tribute, chattered noisily down the slopes, and snowdrops and crocuses, daffodils and violets bloomed again, and in due course the breath of the blush roses in the garden was wafted into the cottage.

And then people in the village said, and laughed at each other as they said it, that Miss Tittle was going to give up the Barham House and to leave Hilderstock. She had indiscreetly spoken to some bosom friends of her approaching marriage with the rector, and before the chrysanthemums had opened out their ragged beauties to the next Autumn sun it became known that Mr. Jordan's consent had never been asked for this arrangement, and that the parson had, with good success, asked that "remarkably disagreeable woman" to be his bride.

Miss Tittle reflected, however, with some complacency, that the living was a very poor one, and that Miss Gayfer's fortune, for all her ridiculous pride, was barely enough for her to live on in decency. But even in this she fell into the besetting sin of premature talk; for when poor old Miss Payne died a year or so later, it was found that she had left the

whole of her not inconsiderable fortune to Frank Jordan, in recognition of the great kindnesses and services that she had received from her dear friend Agatha, his wife.—All the Year Round.

Food and Civilization.

M. Beketoff, a Russian savant, who has been studying the question of eating meat from a social point of view, strives to prove the use of animal food is a mark of inferiority, a characteristic of barbaric races, an heritage, as it were, of the alleged cave dwellers. Consequently he sees in the conversion of mankind to vegetarianism a prospect of the improvement of the race, a solution of the problem of population and the advent of a gentler age. He also asserts that plants contain all the nutritious qualities which are found in meat in equivalent proportions, and fortifies his case still further by calling attention to the construction of the human teeth, which clearly indicate a predestination for vegetable food. He enters the field with two indisputable statements; first, that those portions of the earth devoted to pasturage are becoming gradually smaller; and secondly, that as the price of meat is always increasing in proportion to that of bread and vegetables, men must in time renounce their carnivorous tastes or starve. To soften this latter clause, he endeavors to show that a large majority of the human race subsists even now on a vegetable diet, and that the prescribed proportion of about nine ounces of meat to 27 of bread is quite exceptional, and only applies to the European bourgeois or his representatives throughout the world. Of course, it is not intimated that the men and women of this generation will be graminivorous; but philosophers study the tendency of things, and Beketoff scans the distant field of the future, as he watches the influence of certain social conditions which are to make this revolution in society.

Perhaps he is right in his anticipations. We know that in the animal kingdom the carnivorous animals are much fewer than the herbivorous because—although an exception might be made in the case of fishes—the increase of animals is much less rapid than that of plants. For example, we can not put the webs of spiders to industry, because the supply of flies is insufficient for their nourishment upon an extended scale, whereas the mulberry tree may be grown to any extent. Among the various races which inhabit the earth we may also remember the Chinese, whose diet consists mainly of rice, are the densest of all populations. From an economical point of view it must be considered that the flesh of an

ing, is quite lame; have used Kendall's Spavin Cure, it has partly removed the swelling, but the lameness remains. Can you tell me what to do for him through the Veterinary Department of the FARMER and oblige yours, etc.,

YOUNG FARMER.

Answer.—A simple curb, that is, a curb without deformity of the hock joint, usually yields to proper counter irritation, but where its presence is due to the breaking down of the hock joint, it is a fixture and easily removed. This condition of the parts may be readily detected by the change of the angle of the hock joint backwards, giving the front line of leg at that part a more rounded appearance, as though the small bones of the joint had been pushed backwards. Apply the following liniment once a day, with friction, until sufficient irritation is produced. Take a six oz. phial, put in it half a dram of iodine scales, then add twenty drops spirits turpentine, and while fusing fill with alcohol; when cool it is ready for use. If the hock joint is all right the lameness may be due to other causes.

Columbia Veterinary College, New York.

We have read with much interest and pleasure the introductory lecture for 1881, delivered by J. Payne Lowe before the faculty and students of this infant institution, and predict for it a bright and glorious future. It is already doing good work in the advancement and elevation of veterinary education. Forty years ago, when we were laboring under many disadvantages in our efforts to gain veterinary knowledge, the very title was scarcely known or recognized in this great stock raising country. In that day the farrier, or horse doctor, was an object of contempt, perhaps because his acquirements were not very scientific. The horse pharmacopoeia did not embrace the most select materia-medica, and horse surgery was very rude. Valuable animals were daily sacrificed by the want of skill, which was the usual attribute of the common horse doctor. Notwithstanding all these discouraging surroundings, our ambition let us on, clearing the stumbling blocks in our slow progress as best we could, believing that the time was not far distant when this, our profession, would occupy a prominent position among the useful sciences in this country. The morning star is brightening and the Columbia Veterinary College is destined to thrive in our declining years.

TUBERCULAR DISEASE IN A COW.—We are in receipt of several beautifully developed specimens of tuberculosis as developed in the lungs, liver, ovaries and diaphragm, from the cow registered as Oxford Vanquish 5th, the property of Mr. Thomas Birkett, Base Lake, Mich., a description of which we will give in our next issue, our space being too limited to do so in this number.—VET. EO.

The North-Eastern Agricultural Society of Michigan.

To the People of Shiawassee, Oakland, Macomb, St. Clair, Sanilac, Huron, Alpena, and Northern Counties.

The North-Eastern Agricultural Society was organized in the early spring of 1881, to enable the farmers of North-Eastern Michigan to advertise and demonstrate the superior fertility of their soils by making an exhibition of Fruit, Grain, Vegetables, &c., under conditions more favorable than the larger State Fair, and where breeders of improved Stock might exhibit and be likely to find purchasers in the large and rapidly developing country within the District, and where, as in many parts thereof, but few, if any, of the better classes of horses, cattle, sheep and swine may yet be found.

The Counties of Genesee, Lapeer, Saginaw, Tuscola, Bay, Gratiot, Isabella, Midland and Alcona have joined, and the first fair held in East Saginaw, in September last, was conceded by all to be a grand exhibition.

Previous to the first annual fair, application was made by citizens of Shiawassee, Oakland and other Counties to exhibit their stock, which was refused, as under the charter of the Society, none but members could exhibit, and they must be residents of the District.

At the request of many gentlemen, residents of the first above named Counties, and by order of the Board of Directors, this circular is hereby published, the purpose of giving such information as is necessary to enable any such County to join the North-Eastern Agricultural Society.

A meeting of the Directors of the Society will be held in the City of Flint, at the Secretary's office, on Tuesday, December 20th, commencing at 12 o'clock noon, at which time and place any County wishing to join may be admitted.

At a previous meeting, it was resolved that Counties having a population of 20,000 and upwards should be considered as one of at least forty citizens thereof, who would then become members by paying into the treasury \$1.00 each, and they presenting the names of two or three persons to act as Directors for the ensuing year; and that Counties having less than 20,000 population should be admitted on similar terms, but with the names of twenty members; and that a two-thirds vote of the Directors might admit without full compliance with these conditions. The object of requiring a membership, as above was twofold: First, that we might thus be assured that the people of the County in good faith did wish to join our Society, otherwise we would be advertising such County as being without the Association, while the people thereof repudiated our claim; and secondly, that the persons presented as Directors would prove satisfactory to the people of such County. It is apparent, therefore, that the people of the above Counties can join our Society, if they so desire, and that the conditions we attach are very easily complied with.

We expect to make such arrangements that hereafter exhibitors from each County will be enabled to place their fruit, grain and vegetables together, and thus the annual products of the respective Counties will be in the best possible condition to attract the attention of visitors.

By a resolution of the Board of Directors 20,000 copies of the premium list for 1882 will be published and ready for distribution April 1st, 1882. This list will contain useful and valuable information, and stock breeders who wish to advertise therein should make application to the Secretary at an early date, as the number of the Counties to which this circular is addressed will be present at our meeting in Flint, on December 20th, prepared to ask for admittance. We remain, respectfully,

ISAAC MARSTON, Sec'y.
Bay City, Mich.

SWENSON HOWARD, Sec'y.
Flint, Mich.
Dated November 21st, 1881.

CITY ITEMS.

Young men will save time and money by attending the United Rapids Practical Training School. Send for Catalogue Journal.

Mr. S. R. CALLAWAY, was last week promoted to the General Managership of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, a position which he is in every way competent to fill.

The jury in the coroner's inquest on the death of Christian Terres, returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by being kicked and stamped in the face by Charles Martin.

The new Stock Yards for the Michigan Central railroad near the Grand Trunk station are progressing steadily, and will be ready for occupancy October 1st, 1882. So says General Manager Lydard.

Eighteen prisoners were received last week at the House of Correction, from the Indian Territory. They were brought here by United States Marshal Dell, and four assistants. The Marshal has brought 132 convicts from that section to Detroit during the past year.

WM. JUDSON, who was arrested several months ago for conducting Bluths Bureau, of this city, out of \$2,500 on a patent right swindle, was convicted of the charge in the Recorder's Court last week, and remanded for sentence. The trouble is, though, that this does not get Burch his money back.

CHARLES TUCKER, Sunday night last, left for Chicago, to bring the Christmas cattle purchased by him for Wm. Smith & Son, at the Fat Stock Show, to Detroit. On the arrival of the cattle, a parade of all of the Messrs. Smith's Christmas stock will be made, to give our citizens a chance of seeing it before slaughtering.

The Michigan delegation in Congress have unanimously recommended the reappointment of Samuel Post, as Pension Agent. This virtually settles the matter, and any other parties who were flatterer themselves with the idea that they would take Mr. Post's place in dispensing the ducats to the Nation's wards, can now consider themselves "left," for the present at least.

Mrs. Lewis, who was arrested on complaint of the notorious Sophie Lyons, has been having her examination before Police Justice Miller during the past week. Mrs. Lewis while on the stand made some very startling statements, mixing up several of the police department in a way, which to say the least, put them in a questionable position. She tells her story in a straightforward manner, and gives dates and date to corroborate it. The examination was adjourned on Saturday until Monday, 19th inst., when she will resume her story, and considerable richness is expected to develop.

L. E. JENNINGS, who a short time ago was trying to get the citizens of Jackson to join the "Edison & Schultz Non-explosive Illuminating Oil" has finally wound up in the Wayne County Jail. He is charged with swindling a contractor of Detroit named McMillan, out of \$130 in cash, and notes to the amount of several thousand dollars, which he had induced McMillan to give him for the control of certain territory in Michigan. He was arrested in Grand Rapids, and brought to Detroit on a warrant procured by McMillan, and will be tried for swindling.

DR. I. R. PAGE, of Baltimore, calls the attention of physicians, in the *Medical Record*, to the topical use of fresh lemon juice as a most efficient means for the removal of the membrane from the throat, tonsils, &c., in diphtheria. He states that in his hands it has proved the best agent that he has as yet tried for the purpose. He applies the juice of the lemon to the affected parts every two or three hours by means of a camel's hair probang. In eighteen cases in which he has used the remedy the effect has been all that he could have wished. He finds that several of his professional brethren are prepared to give the same favorable account of the remedy.

WINSTON, Forsyth Co., N. C. GENTS.—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtues of your Bitters. Very respectfully,

REV. J. FERRIS.

WARRANTED the greatest pain reliever in the world, Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. Thirty-four years established, and never failed to cure croup, spasms, colic, chronic rheumatism, old sores, and pain in the limbs, back and chest. Ladies will find this Liniment will immediately eradicate Pimples, Freckles and Blisters. Also restores Gray Hair to its natural color, and perfectly harmless. Sold by the druggists.

If the mother is feeble it is impossible that her children should be strong. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a perfect specific in all chronic diseases of the sexual system of women. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

It is the height of folly to wait until you are in bed with disease you may not get over for months, when you can be cured during the early symptoms by Parker's Ginger Tonic. We have known the sickliest families made the healthiest by a timely use of this pure medicine.

If your hair is coming out, or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. Ayer's Hair Vigor will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good nature.

Send for a circular of new style of Hopper Scale with Levelling attachment. Borden, Sellick & Co., Chicago.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

TUESDAY, DEC. 13, 1881.

Flour.—The receipts of flour in this market the past week were 7,021 bbls. and the shipments were 2,146 bbls. The market has been well sustained, the past week, and rates have been advanced, owing to the higher prices paid for wheat. The demand for shipment was better toward the end of the week, but still light. Local business is quite active. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Family white (city mill) \$7 00 7 25
Choice white (country) \$6 50 6 75
Seconds \$6 25 6 50

Minneapolis.—Receipts of wheat for the week have been 34,474 bu. against 39,811 bu. the previous week. Shipments, 28,466 bu. The receipts show no improvement, and the decreasing stocks forced up prices last week, and kept the market very steady. Yesterday, however, a dull feeling among dealers, unfavorable action from abroad and from domestic markets, made holders anxious to realize, and the consequence was a decline from Saturday's rates of 2½c on spot, and about the same on futures. Business was very light, and spot wheat neglected. Closing prices were \$1.34 3/4 for No. 1 white, and No. 2, 40c did not make a record. Futures closed at \$1.34 3/4 for March, \$1.37 3/4 for February, \$1.39 3/4 for January, and \$1.40 3/4 for April. The market closed dull.

Corn.—There is a steady demand, and as supplies are rather light, rates have been advanced. Yesterday high mixed sold at 67c, and rejected at 5½c, with selling quite firm.

Oats.—Offerings continue very light and the market still holds strong position. No. 1 white earled sold at 50c; one earled sold yesterday at 49½c, and one of No. 2 white at the same rate. For No. 1 mixed 49½c is bid.

Hay.—Receipts report an increase and somewhat depressed market. No. 2 barley could not be placed at over \$2.15, and for most samples \$2.00 to \$2.10 is a full range.

Rye.—Very quiet; offerings are light, but there is little demand. Prices ranged \$1.61 to 65.

Feed.—Is quiet. For best there is some inquiry at \$16.25, and for coarse middlings about \$16.00 to \$16.25 could be obtained. Fine feed is quotable at about \$19.50. Corn meal and corn \$23.00 to \$23.25.

Corn Meal.—There is a fair demand and a firm market at \$23.00 per ton.

Outlets.—The market is firm and active. Choice is quoted at \$5.00 to 7½c; medium, 45c; fine, this does not get Burch his money back.

Wheat Flour.—Choice eastern is quiet at \$5.00 to \$5.10 and \$5.10. State stock is offered at about \$4 and is dull.

Butter.—Is quiet. Receipts of time are more liberal, but the market remains dull and weak. Choice butter is selling at 25c per lb., with most of the receipts only bringing 20c to 25c per lb. Low grades are not wanted at any price.

Cheese.—The market is dull and weaker at 13c to 15c for late makes of full cream Swiss.

Clover Seed.—The market is lower, and sales were made yesterday at \$5.00 for prime.

Apples.—Very quiet and firm; demands are wholly local and are limited for small lots of choice fruit at \$3.00 to 3½c are prevailing terms.

Beans.—The market is not firm, and there has been a decline during the week. City picked are now held at 43c, and picked at \$2 to 2.50.

Beeswax.—Involves of pure quoted at 20c to 22c; in stock it is valued at 25c to 30c.

Eggs.—Market steady at 22c to 23c per doz. for choice laid.

Dressed Hogs.—Very quiet; packers and retailers are in need of supplies, but only a few are to be had; a sale of about 15 reported at \$5.67 1/2, selling on 200 lbs.

Salt.—Firm at \$1.35 for Onondaga; Saginaw at \$1.20.

Dried Apples.—The market is dull, with holders quoting at 6½c to 7c for new fruit; evaporated apples, 12c to 15c; peaches 12c to 15c.

Potatoes.—Steady at 90c to 95c by the carload, and 95c to \$1 for small lots. Considerable quantities are being received from the West.

Onions.—Market dull at \$3.

Crabs.—Choice eastern fruit firm at \$10.

Poultry.—Market quiet, but prices are steadier. Fine dressed chickens, 9c; turkeys 11c; ducks are scarce at 10c to 11c; geese dull at 7c to 8c.

Wood.—Firm; rates for wood delivered are \$2.50 to 3.00 for hickory, and \$3 to 3.50 for beech and maple.

Provisions.—The market is easier and land is a shade lower. Smoked meats quiet and unchanged. The Chicago market is quoted a little lower, and not active. Quotations in this market are as follows:

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Onions.—Market dull at \$3.

lot of 16 head of thin butchers' stock, av 720 lbs., at \$3.25, and 4 bulls, av 812 lbs., at \$2.50.
Wright sold Duff & Caplin 2 bulls, av 675 lbs., at \$3.25.
Purdy sold John Downey a mixed lot of 16 head of thin butchers' stock, av 720 lbs., at \$3.25.
Dunning sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 16 head of thin butchers' stock, av 720 lbs., at \$3.25.
Purdy sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 16 head of thin butchers' stock, av 720 lbs., at \$3.25.
Stevenson sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 16 head of thin butchers' stock, av 720 lbs., at \$3.25.
Roe & Phillips sold Duff & Caplin 2 fat butchers' cows and heifers, av 800 lbs., at \$3.75.
Lee sold John Downey a mixed lot of 16 head of thin butchers' stock, av 720 lbs., at \$3.25.
McMillan sold Duff & Caplin 2 fat butchers' cows, av 800 lbs., at \$3.75.
Gray sold Burt Spencer 6 fat oxen, av 1,580 lbs., at \$3.25.
Gray sold Burt Spencer 10 steers, av 900 lbs., at \$3.25.

Stead sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 12 head of fat butchers' stock, av 800 lbs., at \$3.25.
Fisher sold McMillan a mixed lot of 11 head of coarse butchers' stock, av 700 lbs., at \$3.25.
Moyes sold Wm Wendorf & Co 2 thin cows, av 975 lbs., at \$3.25.
C. Switzer sold Wm Wendorf & Co a mixed lot of 16 head of fat butchers' stock, av 720 lbs., at \$3.25.
Purdy sold Duff & Caplin a mixed lot of 16 head of thin butchers' stock, av 720 lbs., at \$3.25.
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